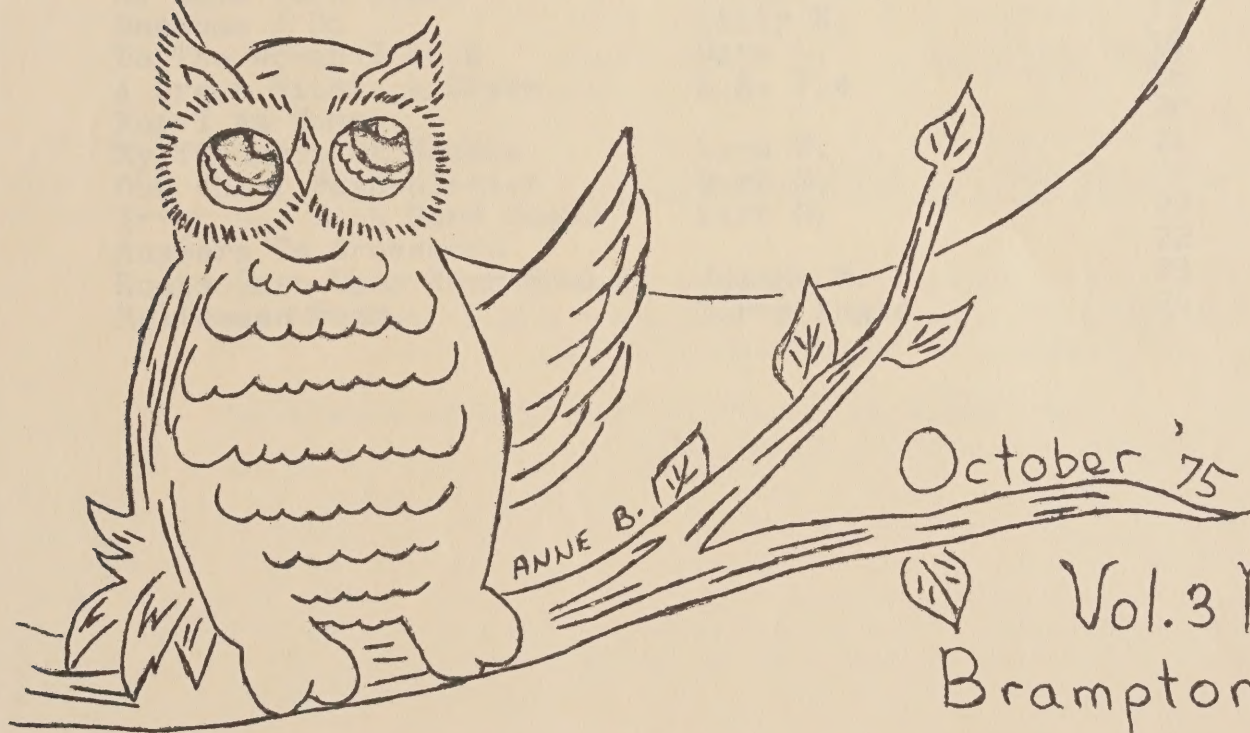


THE

INSIDE -
OUTLOOK



October '75

Vol. 3 No. 5
Brampton, Ont.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Toronto

<https://archive.org/details/31761075964890>

I N D E X

<u>TITLE</u>	<u>AUTHOR</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
Editorial	Nicky S.	1
Halloween History	Pam Carlton	2
Halloween	Bev W. Nicky S.	3
Some of the Supernaturals	Nicky S.	4
Devils	Nicky S.	5
The Occult	Brenda H.	6
Halloween In China	Mrs. Lum	8
Halloween Crossword	Gloria Y.	9
Halloween In England	Mrs. Ives	10
Ghostly Guessers	Barb M.	10
Education At Vanier	Gloria Y.	11
The Black Box	Gord Reeves	12
My Thoughts On Life	Bev W.	13
<u>POETRY</u>		
I Sat Like A Stranger	Bev W.	14
Wear It Well	Mary Ann B.	15
The Day No Pigs Would Die	Sharon R.	16
Answers to Ghostly Guessers		16
My Boys Torn Heart	Nicky S.	17
Because I Do	Lilly K.	17
To The Woman I Love	Dave L.	18
A Dream Within A Dream	E.A. Poe	18
For I Am Woman		20
My Thoughts On Hachie	Lynn W.	21
Our Chief Psychologist	Barb M.	21
Interview With Gord Reeve	Barb M.	22
Answers To Crossword		22
Roots Cast Upon Your Soul	Joanne M.	23
Halloween Poem	Terry Angle	24

THE INSIDE OUTLOOK

INVICTUS: Brenda H.

KON-TIKI: Barbara M.
Nicky S.
Lisa C.
Beverly W.

HOCHELAGA: Linda S.
Joanne M.

STAFF ADVISORS: Terry Angle
Mrs. E. Lum

INSIDE OUTLOOK NEWSPAPER POLICY

The views of this newspaper do not necessarily represent those of the newspaper staff nor have the endorsement of the administration.

The newspaper reserves the right to accept or reject any article submitted.

HALLOWEEN

Halloween is a festival celebrated on October 31st. Its name means hallowed or holy evening because it takes place the day before All Saints Day.

Over the years many superstitions have been associated with Halloween.

Not everyone celebrates Halloween. Canadian Indians do not celebrate it. One of the most famous stories of Halloween is by Washington Irving, the legend of Sleepy Hollow.

Bev. W.

SOME OF THE SUPERNATURALS

No one can doubt the spell that witchcraft casts upon the human mind. For thousands of years, in almost every land, there have been many who claimed to possess supernatural powers, and many many more unjustly accused. Many were also persecuted for supposedly serving the powers of darkness.

Thousands upon thousands of guiltless men and women were imprisoned, tortured and put to death. Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake because she fought for what she believed in. She was later known as a Saint or Saviour.

Linda S.

"How children are Infected with Witchcraft"

The disease of witchcraft often spreads like any other infection from parent to child, especially when the mother has been trying to ingratiate herself with the devil. For Satan's greed is endless and insatiable. Once let him get a foothold in any house, and it is very hard indeed to drive him out. It is an almost certain proof against one accused of witchcraft if a parent has already been inherited, for the devil is industrious in adding to the numbers of his followers to corrupt their children?

There were happenings like the Devil taking a girl in front of her mother and then carrying out a sex act. After he has done this he then takes the mother in front of the daughter and performed the same act. They then join hands and began to dance in a circle. After this, he disappeared into the blue.

Some kids, before even reaching the age of twelve, are being prepared for marriage.

Nicky S.

"The Devil's Dinner"

All those who have eaten at the devil's table state that his dinners are both disgusting to look at or stink so that the hungriest diner feels sick. "Sybilla Morele" stated that there was every sort of food set before them, but so badly cooked that it tasted so bitter that he had to spit it out, and that when the "Devil" saw him do this he was furious. As for the drink, it was like clots of dark blood in a dirty cup.

"Feasting With The Devil"

We could go to several houses in the night. The devil sits at the head of the table, and all the coven about. He chooses whom he wants to say grace before meat as so "We eat this meat in the Devil's name etc." Then the feast takes place. When all have eaten, they stand and bow to the "Devil" saying "We thank Thee, Our Lord, for this." The feast was an "Ox" that they killed and then they drank its blood.

"How The Devil Married Young Women"

Many women in the year 1585, stated that it was very common for the Devil to marry one of his followers. The wedding of the "Devil" and his bride are held at spots where criminals have, in the past, been executed. Instead of the "Devil" giving her a ring, he would bend and blow into her backside.

"Young Witches Love Devils"

One witch reports that she always thought witchcraft to be the best religion. Another stated that "The Sabbath" was true paradise. One felt a pleasure so intense it couldn't be expressed. Others who attended the ceremony found time too short, such pleasure should carry on. The girls said the only thing they felt in their hearts was the love for the "Devil". He also made the women feel that there was no wrong in going to his Sabbath instead of a church mass, and assured them of love and glory that they already felt.

In a word, they stated that being present at the mad acts of the "Devil" they had a strange delight to keep attending. Many attending actually had an eagerness for their own death. They suffered through their trials with death, awaiting the day they could again be with the "Devil" and expressed how they longed to suffer for him.

Deaths Due to Worships

In Algora: There were three women by a stream filling their pots with water. At this time an alligator snapped up the middle woman and dragged her to her death. The relatives of the dead girl felt that because the gator didn't snap up one of the end girls that the other two must have wished her to her death. In an act of belief they gave the two girls a choice of death which was by poison or by drowning. The girls chose poison and were put to death.

A Man & Wife: These two people were caught using witchcraft and were put to death by first being dragged one mile by a horse and then beaten to death by sticks. After their death their baby and cattle were given to the man's brother of which was the one who caught them.

Goody Gloves: This woman was sentenced by a court of law for having Voo-Doo dolls in her home. The dolls and several injured children were also in the court room. While sitting at the table the woman picked up one of the dolls quickly and at the same time one of the children fell to his death. The woman was sentenced to death.

Submitted by Nickie S.

"Witches and Dancing"

The witches dance in a ring back to back. The halt and the lame leap about more lightly than the others. They even encourage their companions. Now and then--but rarely--they dance by twos, sometimes side by side, but always in great confusion.

They dance always with their backs to the centre of the group. The girls generally dance with their heads behind them so that their bodies bend backward and their bellies protrude. Very seldom indeed do they dance one by one, that is to say, a man with one woman or girl.

Submitted by Nickie S.

OCCULT

6

Occult is a term which refers to knowledge of a supernatural type, not bounded by the strict laws of modern science. A person may be said to have knowledge of the occult if he claims to understand subjects which cannot be understood by ordinary men, and which are outside the field of recognized science. Occult means secret, or mysterious. A fortune teller claims to have knowledge of the occult when he tells a fortune, because he says that he can explain things which people in general cannot know.

During ancient times there was a wide belief in occult sciences. The best-known of the old occult subjects included astrology, alchemy, necromancy, and magic. Many persons guided their lives by such false sciences. The physical sciences, with their exact answers, had not developed, and people were easily influenced by those who claimed to have unusual knowledge. These leaders were highly respected.

Several branches of the occult science are still alive today, and even in civilized countries are believed in by the superstitious. Revivals of occultism occur from time to time in all parts of the world.

VOODOO

Voodoo is a name given to the religious beliefs and the practice of magic of certain African tribes. The word voodoo means "god" or "spirit". The beliefs and practices of voodoo have spread to many parts of the West Indies and to a few parts of the United States.

According to voodooism, the spirits of the dead live in a world of ghosts, but can visit the world of the living to bless or curse people. The chief magicians bring the living into touch with the dead. A medicine man may talk with a wooden image and say that a spirit answers him through the image. If a man makes a wax image of his enemy and sticks pins into it, he is practicing voodooism to injure his enemy.

THE SEANCE

Spiritualists believe that a dead person's spirit returns and makes known its presence at a seance, sometimes by rapping loudly on a wall or a table. At seances, several persons often sit around a small table and hold their hands lightly on its tips. Sometimes the table top tips back and forth. At other times it slides around the room. Spiritualists believe a dead person's spirit moves the table.

Spiritualists look for other occurrences at seances. Some spirits are believed to throw things about the room and cause objects to float, and to disappear. Such actions, as well as occasions

when the spirits can be seen, are called physical manifestations. The mediums who conduct the meetings are called physical mediums.

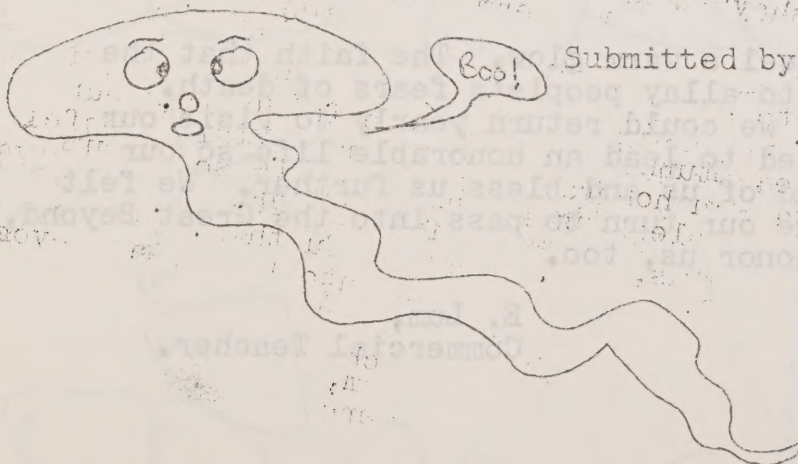
In another type of seance, conducted by a mental medium, no physical action occurs. But the spirits are supposed to take possession of the medium's body. At these seances, the medium may write or speak a message that he says comes from the spirit of the dead person. Other mediums do not claim to be possessed, but they say they hear voices of the spirits.

SUPERNATURALISM

Supernaturalism is the belief in a being or beings higher than or superior to what man calls nature. Supernaturalism is one of the oldest philosophic theories. The ancient Greeks and Romans believed that the gods, who lived in regions above the earth, controlled the destinies of men. Things that pertained to that realm were above the natural things of the earth.

Supernaturalism refers to events, qualities, or things that do not conform with natural laws. For example, miracles are events which cannot be explained entirely by natural means. Many persons believe that miracles have a supernatural origin and that they are caused by God.

Primitive societies believe in magical agencies, or "souls" which manifest themselves within natural objects. This belief is called "animalism." For example, many persons believe that stones of a particular shape or colour have supernatural power. They use these stones as amulets or charms. The belief in objects supposed to have magical powers is an outgrowth of animalism.



Submitted by Brenda H.

HALLOWEEN IN OLD CHINA

When I was in China, I did not see any festival that closely resembled our Halloween. Those wise people had a HEALTHY respect for spirits and would not dream of pulling any pranks in the name of a ghost. Who knows, but that ghost just might seek revenge and possess one's body forever?

The closest to our Halloween would be on the seventh day of the seventh moon (approximately August 7th) when the Gates of the Spirit World opened wide for all souls to return to earth, (a sort of one-day T.A.P.)! Those without descendants roamed the streets looking for handouts!

Each household would prepare delicious foods, usually an odd number of dishes; five, seven, or nine. At least one of these would be purely vegetarian for those who were vegetarians in life. The others would include at least one from each category: pork, fowl, and seafood.

Bowls of this food would be placed on a tray with three place settings of bowls of rice, chopsticks, soup spoons, wine and tea. The tray is first set before the Threshold God so he would eat and bless the home. Then it is placed outdoors so that all spirits passing by could partake of it. This way, the homeless souls would not be hostile to that family. Who needs an extra enemy?

Next, the tray is set before the household altar for the ancestors. The living bow reverently before these spirits, and, after a decent interval, sit down and feast on the blessed food as well as on hot food from the kitchen.

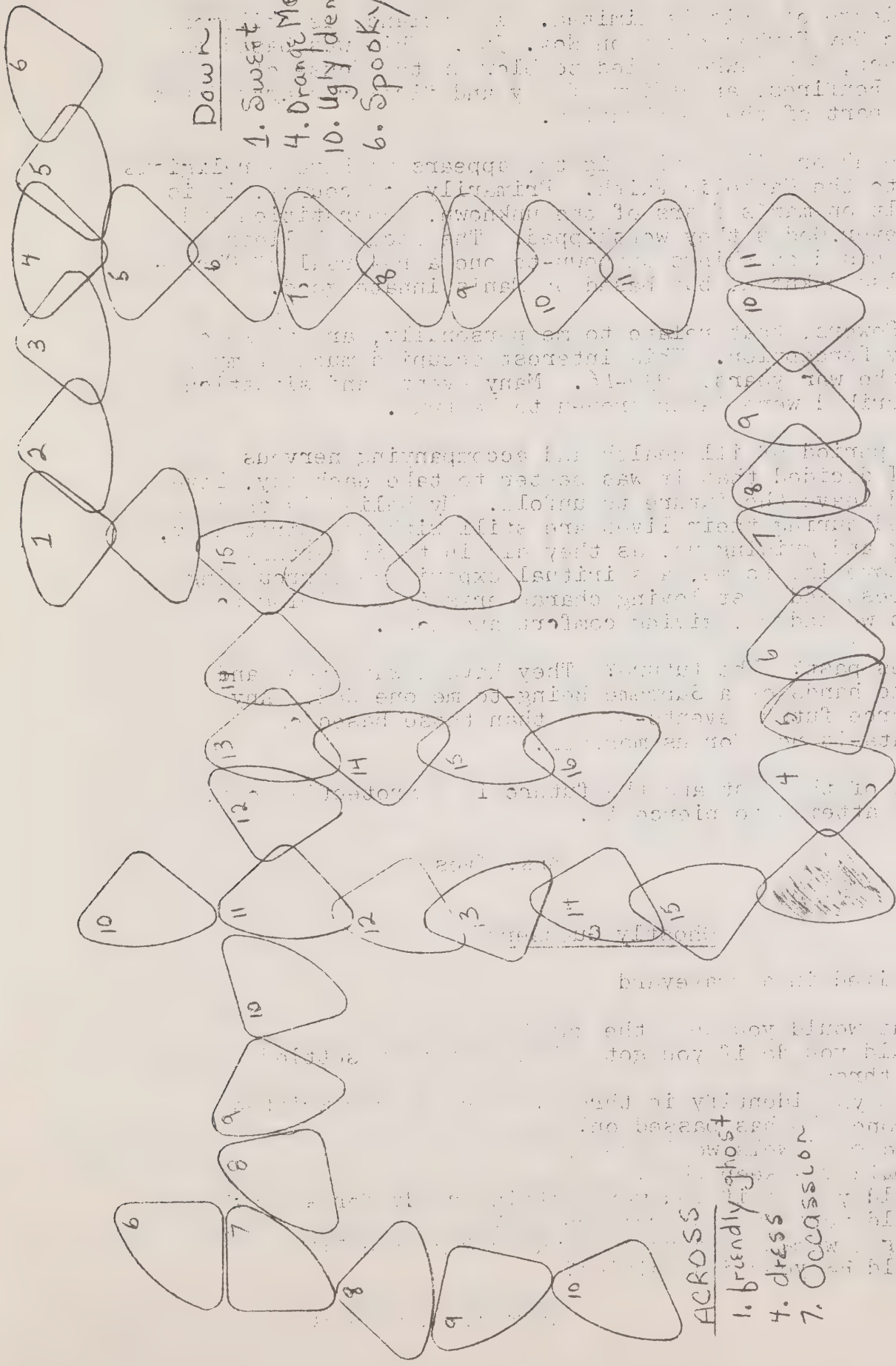
Paper money with gold and silver foil was burned with each offering of food, so that "they" would have money to spend "over there". Perhaps that was how the term "money to burn" originated.

On remembering, I feel a warm glow. The faith that the spirit lived on seemed to allay people's fears of death. Could it be that bad if we could return yearly to visit our beloved? Also, we wanted to lead an honorable life so our ancestors would be proud of us and bless us further. We felt secure that when it came our turn to pass into the Great Beyond, our descendants would honor us, too.

E. Lum,
Commercial Teacher.

Down

- 1. Sweet
- 4. Orange Melon
- 10. Ugly demon
- 6. Spooky



ACROSS

- 1. Brandy ghost
- 4. dress
- 7. Occasion

My knowledge of this is limited. In England, as children, we celebrated Guy Fawkes night on Nov. 5th. This was based on historical fact, Guy Fawkes tried to blow up the House of Parliament. Bonfires, an effigy of Guy and fireworks around the bonfire were part of the celebration.

"Halloween" or "All Souls Night", appears to have a religious affiliation to the Catholic Faith. Primarily, of course, it is a custom built on man's fears of the unknown, superstition and fear of whatever God's they worshipped. The occult beliefs appear to be based on things unknown-to one a reversal of Christian Faith-also unknown, but based on Man's innate good.

Mystic Powers, that relate to me personally, are those of Extra Sensory Perception. This interest occupied much of my time during the war years, 1939-46. Many events and situations I saw or described were later proven to be true.

After a period of ill health and accompanying nervous disability, I decided that it was better to take each day, live it fully, and leave the future to unfold. My belief is that those we loved during their lives are still with us spiritually, often helping and guiding us, as they did in their earthly existence. Love is, to me, a spiritual experience surrounding us with the best and most loving characteristics, helping to ease the pain we endure, giving comfort and hope.

Centuries past? The future? They have always been and will be in the hands of a Supreme Being-to me one God. Any attempt to force future events-other than those based on scientific data-is not for us mortals.

The veil of the past and the future is a protective one, we should not attempt to pierce it.

Mrs. Ives

Ghostly Guessers

If you lived in a graveyard

- a) With what would you open the gate?
- b) What would you do if you got a bad cold that settled in your throat?
- c) How would you identify in three letters a poem written for someone who has passed on?
- d) What kind of jewels would you wear?
- e) Where would you keep them?
- f) What would you do if you were getting ready for a play?
- g) What would protect you from the sun?
- h) Supposing a woman told you she was going to call?
- i) What would be your disposition?

Answers on page 16

Today one of the most important parts of our lives is the Education we obtain.

Vanier isn't the nicest place in the world to be, but girls, let me offer you a piece of advice, while you're here, make the best of it by continuing your education.

Here the centre offers the educational opportunities any girl could want or need. Here a woman can obtain any amount of education from grade one to grade twelve or thirteen.

At Vanier you can receive credits for courses taken through the Ministry of Education Correspondence Courses. Courses offered by the Department range from Math, to Drafting to Computer Fundamentals.

There are people here to assist you get started.

One of the most important people is Mr. Pat Culvei, who is always willing to help a girl get started off on the right foot in her education.

The typing room is looked after by Mrs. Lum. One can attend her class and know you will always be welcomed by a very cheerful smile. Mrs. Lum offers classes in Accounting, Typing, Business Machines, Shorthand, Marketing and Business Organization, to name just a few. To top off her class, Mrs. Lum can read your face or palm as an added enjoyment.

Across the hall we find a chap named Terry Angle, who to this day, I really haven't figured out what he teaches. Only Kidding. Terry makes a wonderful math teacher and he also offers a great Consumer Education course. And, he looks after the newspaper classes too. However, without his assistant, Ben (the rat) Terry would never make it.

Mrs. Rochelle Guilford teaches the English class and does it very well. She also does academic assessment to help placement provide a class for the girls.

The Home Economics room is looked after by Mrs. Bernice Henderson. Here the girls learn to cook and to sew. Sometimes the aroma from the class is simply wonderful.

Mrs. Waller is the hairdressing teacher. Girls in her class learn everything from colours to cutting. Some of the girls never had their hair done as often on the street as they have here.

Gord is the art teacher, and I believe it is the most enjoyed class of any for most of the girls.

We may be in jail but Vanier has a lot to offer if you are willing to make use of your time here.

Even the recreation staff offer us a lot from learning a craft to taking off those extra pounds.

All I can say is, girls you're here and there is very little we can do about being here. So, why not further that education or learn that craft you always wanted to learn!

Gloria Y.

The Black Box

I had been walking for about 3 hours on that brilliantly sunny but cold October afternoon. Wandering aimlessly but enjoying the old houses, the short streets, children playing on the dried yellow and red leaved houses, I seemed to be searching for something. Something drew me down street after narrow street. Almost demanding to be found my foot brushed against a piece of metal and with a clanking sound, a tiny object spun into the gutter. I started to walk on and then automatically turned and retrieved the object from the street. Brushing away some leaves I picked up a golden disc with some strange markings on one side. Streets and trees moved dizzily by my eyes as I walked toward some unknown destination.

The evening turned into night as I turned into a dark and narrow street. Both sides of this high-walled alley were lined with trash cans and loose rubbish. I walked to the far end and saw a tall thin dimly lit box. A coffin-like structure standing upright against the highwall, pushing back the accumulated debris at the base of the door. I stepped in. Immediately in front of me on one of the walls hung a strange black object.

The golden object which I had momentarily forgotten suddenly began to grow warm in my now sweating palm. As I brought my hand upward it seemed drawn toward the box and a tiny silver opening near the top.

As I dropped the coin into the slot my other hand shot up and retrieved a handle from its resting place at the side of the box. Immediately I heard a strange whirring noise, a loud dry click and then "Operator, may I help you?"

By Gord Reeves
Art Instructor

My Thoughts on Life

Life doesn't work! We're not getting enough satisfaction or aliveness because we live mechanically by belief systems instead of experience. We construct our ideas of reality to corroborate our beliefs rather than reflecting what's really so.

In order to survive we must examine and replace our life-denying beliefs. Reality is simple and clear; also relative.

You are totally responsible for your life, you are the cause of all your experiences. Responsibility is merely the willingness to honestly acknowledge that you are the cause in the matter. Life works on a set of rules and you don't have to believe in them to be affected by them. After all gravity doesn't give a damn whether you believe in it or not.

I have a very hard time conforming within the Vanier system because I am living my objection on the premise of the system. I try to believe in nothing and figure out very little. I observe and experience a great deal. The biggest freedom is transcending beyond belief. The conflict with most people is they are conditioned to believe and look for answers and validation outside themselves. I do not! Before I reached awareness and cosmic conscienceness I was concerned about the ego. Evaluations here deal totally on the ego structure of residents. I decided the real issue was whether my ego ran my life or I did, then I merely accepted responsibility for it.

Personally I am overwhelmed by little, so that nothing seems tragic or permanent. I am very direct because I have learned that belief is a disaster. A belief in a system is myth, created by knowledge or data without experience. Belief without the component of experience is very dangerous. Beliefs are a state of hypnosis, automatic and usually unjust.

I have experienced for years, and most recently by the Ontario Parole Board, that I am judged and labeled as a heroin addict. In most settings ignorant beliefs about heroin addicts stop people from seeing me for what I really am.

Bev W.

I SAT LIKE A STRANGER.....

P

O

E

T

R

Y

I sat like a stranger,
While the parole board talked in
generations about my past.
When they saw that I was unaffected
by their concern about my drug problem,
One became enraged and said he
wouldn't want me near his children.
It all seems bizarre, but then again...
I have been an addict, but yet

his children are safe.
I wanted to explain I'm only
killing myself but the stage was
set for the leery stranger
not me.

It's ironic; school was my final
hope for salvation, a new
beginning....yet no one really
understood but I.

There was really very little
I could have said.

Now I wish I never even
believed in any of it,
maybe it would hurt less,
knowing that all will be as it
was before.

And even I can't believe I
don't care.

How do I love?
Tell me

For I don't know what love is
There are so many different meanings
And it's hard to explain my love for you
But I do, I Love You

Love and passion
Hatred and anger
For this is love
Built up in a clench of passion,
thought and feeling
For you're my possession

FROM

THE

V
A
N
I
E
R

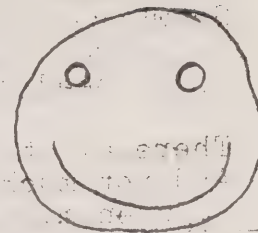
Bev W.

Tina Mc

Al...

THE "WALL" OF PAIN 15

WEAR IT WELL



There will be a time in your own life
When some days come down empty.
Yet some days will be fuller
Than the fullest one you've known

And I'd like to tell you
That time and life remain, they remain
Please take time slowly
Survive life's ups and downs, they remain

The path we choose, be it right or wrong,
Has been followed just the same
Now what you've done ain't half as bad
As the punishment that steals your days

And I'd like to tell you
That time and life remain, they remain
Please take time slowly
Survive life's ups and downs, they remain

The day has come when I go home
Freedom was the price I paid
They take a little piece of you
But part of you remains
time remains
life remains
I remain

Anne B.

(reversed text)

Well here I am in Vanier,
So where the hell are you?
Don't you know I miss you
And I need some lovin' too?

There ain't much here to receive
And not much more to give,
So when my ass is through that door,
God; am I gonna live.....

I've been all around the world,
Yet I've gotten nowhere at all.
I've lived through summer, winter and spring,
Though I've never lived through fall.

My bones they ache,
My hair is dry,
My soul, yet slowly,
Is bound to die.

But I shake this away
And think of the times
When I must make plans
For my future crimes.

And then I'll go to Vanier,
Back where I wrote this song,
From a sentence said to be quite short,
To one that's fairly long.

Sharon R.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

- A) With a skeleton key.
- B) Start coffin (coughing)
- C) L-E-G (elegy)
- D) Tombstones.
- E) In a casket.
- F) Rehearse.
- G) The shades.
- H) You would specter (expect her)
- I) Grave.

"The Riddler"

Mommy, where is daddy?
It seems like he's been gone for an eternity,
Why doesn't he phone?
Will he be gone for ever, and will we be left alone?

I heard you fighting--I saw him push uyo around,
Is it my falut this is happening?
If so I'll leave, so lost words can be found.

Mommy, help me, I'm falling,
Like a rock , to the botom of a deep, deep well,
And I'm s thering in this hell.

It's my fault for being born,
I wish I could make everything all right again.

Listen son, you could never do wrong,
You see, it's like when God opened the sea,
Except everything is closed off, but you and me,
Now I want you to remember
No matter what people say,
We'll always love your daddy, any-way.

Let's try something special to-night,
When we kneel to pray,
That maybe daddy's love,
Will return someday.

All right mommy, I promise, mo matter
What my friends might say,
I'll always love daddy very much,
And in a very special way.

[Dear God, I pray, that other mommies and daddies don't fight].

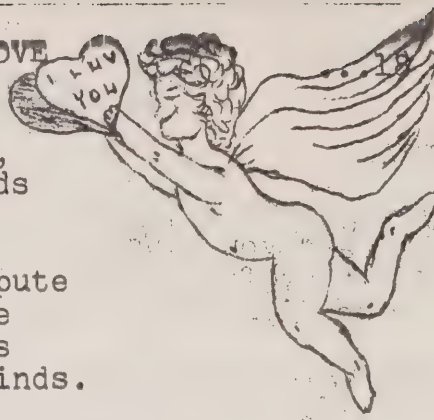
Nickie S.

Because I still do-

I've begun
as a
chemical reaction-
To balance
The sweet pleasure
Of loneliness
Against;
The pain of loving you.

Lily K.

TO THE WOMAN I LOVE



To the woman that I have wed,
So she may know the life I've led,
When in my youth of words and deeds
I grew a garden of bitter weeds.

A criminal I've been by social repute
The truth of which I never dispute
Nor do I deny the fake ill-visions
Created by people's lost little minds.

While in crime, I was a player of sorts,
Playing a game of last resorts,
Seekin excitement, without any greed
Have no respect for anyone's needs.

I laughed and joked while playing the game
Basking in the glow of my ill fame.
Heedless of time in the years I wasted,
Love's cries of joy I rarely tasted.

Now much older and matured of mind
I've no desire to commit a crime
For I have learned the hardest way
That a life of crime does not pay.

Submitted by Dave,
Husband of Glenda A.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

Take this kiss upon the brow;
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow
You are not wrong, who dream;
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream



I stand amid the roar
Of a surf tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep, While I weep!
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Author Edgar Allan Poe
Submitted by Linda S.

"The Day No Pigs Would Die"

Well here I am in Vanier
So where the hell are you?
Don't you know I miss you
And I need some lovin' too?

There ain't much here to receive
And not much more to give.
So when my ass is through that door,
God, am I gonna live!

I've been all around the world
Yet I've gotten nowhere at all.
I've lived through summer, winter and spring
Though I've never lived through fall.

My bones they ache,
My hair is dry
My soul, yet slowly
Is bound to die.

But I shake this away
And I think of the times
When I must make plans
For my future crimes.

And then I'll go to Vanier,
Back where I wrote this song,
From a sentence said to be quite short,
To one that's fairly long.

Sharon R.

Boy will I
LIVE!

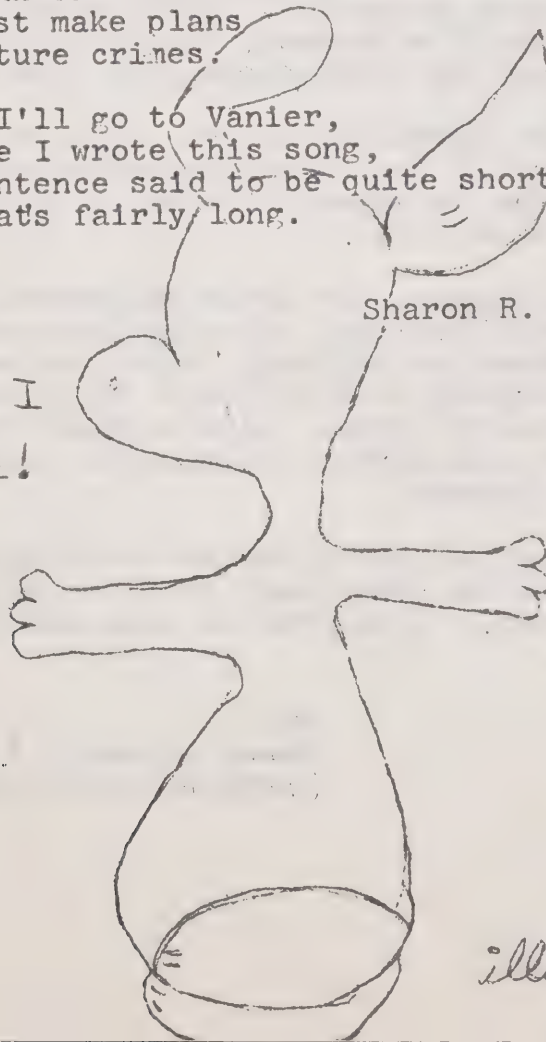
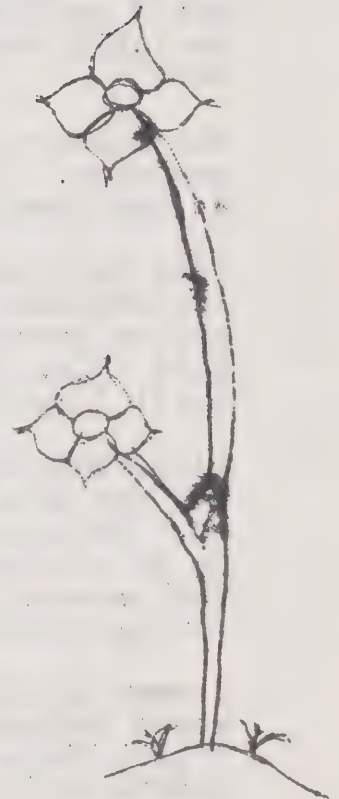


illustration by Peggy

Bob
Co-ed student, A.T.C.
(written by his sister)

MY THOUGHTS ON HOCHIE

I remember when I first came to Hochie, I wasn't sure whether I would like it. When I came back for the third time, I was in Invictus. I guess I was just too busy thinking of the good times there that I never really thought I could have anywhere else. But I was wrong - all wrong. This cottage is beautiful for being in jail. It is so together and everybody is with everybody. Once in awhile there is a disturbance but what cottage doesn't have disturbances? All I can say is Hochie is my home until December, 1975; and I like that.

Lynn W.

Lynn W.

OUR CHIEF PSYCHOLOGIST

Mrs. Frances Jean Williams is the Chief Psychologist in Vanier. She has been working at Vanier for two years and three months and is in charge of the assessment program in Timberlea. Also, she does routine psychological testing. These tests help to assess the girls and also give more knowledge to Mrs. Williams. After they are scored and recorded, they are then put in the girls personal file to be used for referrals on a one-to-one basis. She is the Chairman of the Evaluation Board, Clinical Representative for the Activities Building and does special consulting work for Mr. Doyle, Superintendent. Mrs. Williams feels it is very important to her to get to know everyone who comes to Vanier as an individual and not just as a number. Before coming to Vanier, she worked at the Addiction Research Centre and Donwood Institution in Toronto. She also worked at a Methadone Clinic for Drug Addicts and Alcoholics for three years in Texas. She is 46 years old and was raised in Toronto. Mrs. Williams is a widow and has three children - two in the University and one in High School. She says in her opinion the female institutions are a great deal more progressive than the male institutions but still need a lot of improvement. Her hobbies are interior decorating, reading and gardening.

In closing, I would like to say thank you to Mrs. Williams for allowing me to take a bit of her time so that the girls at Vanier could get to know her better as a person.

Billie M.

#3/8/11

Interview with Internationally Renowned
Traveller and Artist
Gordon M. Reeves #3 - in verse

Upon a llama's back
On a lonely mountain track
With dangers ever wrought
The Inca pen he sought.

Over the mountains both hi and low
Some covered with ice and some with snow
He drudged through sleet and buckets of rain
His head got so wet, it soaked his brain.

His wife and her mother, on horseback all three
Climbed higher and higher, the mysteries to see
Ruins of cities and cultures long gone
Together they rode on and on.

When after a fortnight, they'd seen all there was
They jumped on the plane, and away they did buzz.

And now he's back to tell his story
On how he sought the Inca's glory.

Barb M.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle

Across

1. friendly ghost
4. dress
7. occassion

Down

1. sweet
4. orange melon
10. ugly demon
6. spooky

ANSWERS

Across-

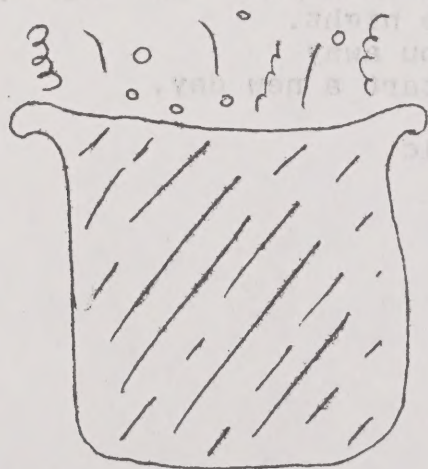
1. Casper
4. Costumes
7. Hallowe'en

Down

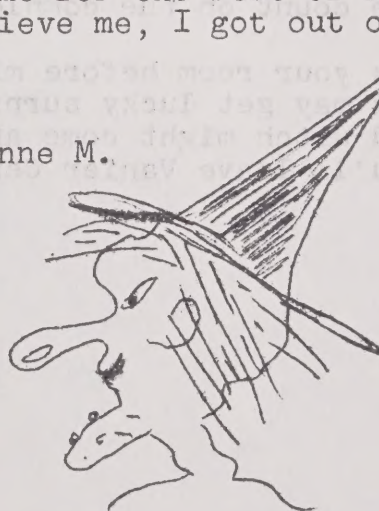
1. Candy
4. Pumpkin
10. Goblin
6. Ghost

Roots Cast Upon Your Soul

Well, part of my life I've lived around superstitions. Here are some tales of superstitious people. I, for one, am superstitious about certain tales. I believe strongly that some one can have the roots worked on them; in other words, a spell can be cast upon your soul. It happened to me in Atlanta, Georgia. I was living with some people. At first we hit it off real nice together, until things got bad, and then it happened to me. This man did not like me, and he believed in superstitions and in working the roots upon people; so he did it to me. It started with me finding big black water bugs in my bed. So I told the people at the house that black bugs were in my bed. They said, "Ah! It ain't nothing, the bugs just come up from the basement 'cause its damp down there." So I said, "It's mighty funny they're just in my bed." But this went on for two nights. In Atlanta, they have a lot of garden snakes, and I do mean they are big and ugly. I am scared of snakes and bugs and cats. I am scared to death of them all. So about a week later, I found a snake in my bed, and I was so scared I was scared out of my wits. I woke up and the whole side of my head was hurting, so I went to the bathroom and on one side of my head there was a big patch of my hair out! It was clean to the scalp, but it hadn't been shaved nor cut. The whole side of my head hurt. I brought this to their attention but, they gave me this long line. I just played past it. I called my mother up in Cleveland, Ohio, and told her everything that had happened to me. She told me to play it cool and get the hell out of that house. She told me not to leave any of my clothes and belongings there. She also told me to go and get a room in a hotel somewhere. She said that if I stayed in that house another night, that snake would follow me for the rest of my life and drive me crazy. And baby, believe me, I got out of there fast!



Jo Anne M.



LAST YEAR ON HALLOWE'EN

...24

AT THE VANIER CENTRE

The complex was buzzin' on Hallowe'en eve,
Security was wonderin' what was up everyone's sleeve,
The lights on the cottages seemed to be low
And the wind was a howlin' and starting to blow.

Then out of the night came a sight yet unseen
And one hundred and twenty residents let out a scream.
For above them there hovered a lady in black
With a long crooked jaw and a hunched over back.

She at once made the rounds as she entered each room,
Then she circled the complex while riding her broom,
Then flew down to gather up some that she knew
And disappeared with them and then all was through.

When the morning had come not all residents were there
And like wildfire the rumors made worse the whole scare.
The C.O.'s on cottage were doing the rounds,
But the search was in vain for none could be found.

Some say it was program centre that started the hoax,
While others insisted it was a social worker joke.
Or was it admin that had tried out the trick?
Maybe they were in Health Centre and all were quite sick?

We'll know this October as it comes to a close
Just who she visited and who she chose.
And maybe this Hallowe'en will be the same
And the count on the complex will go down again.

So lock your room before midnight and keep your eyes tight,
For you may get lucky surprise in the night.
The old witch might come and sweep you away
And you'll leave Vanier Centre and start a new day.

Terry Angle.